

HOW GERMANY IS FIGHTING "GENERAL WINTER": PHOTOGRAPHS

# The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER DAILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD

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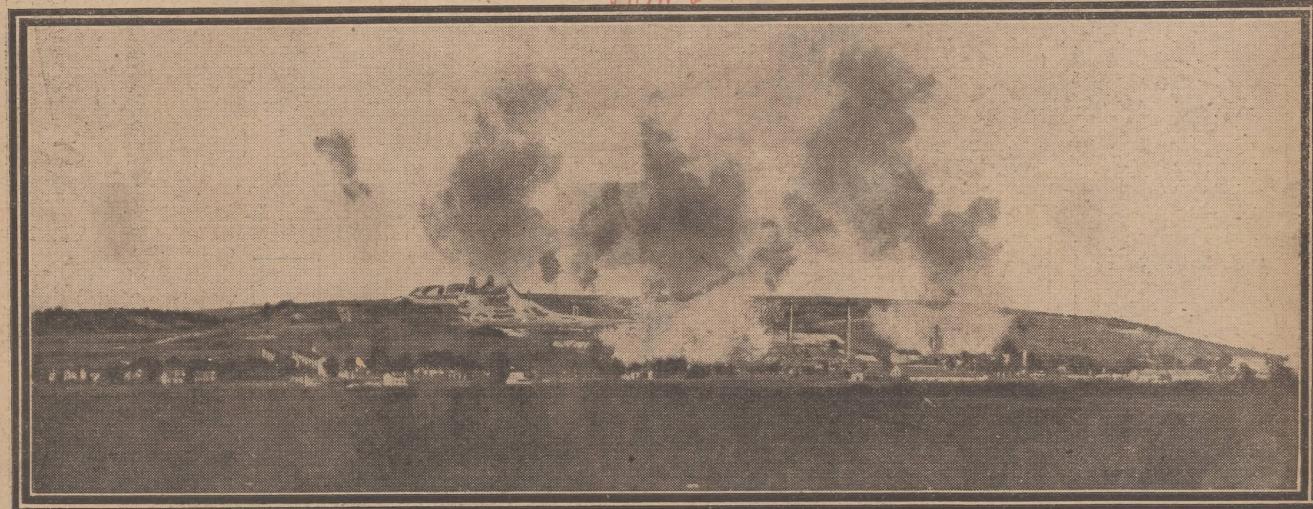
'THE SIEGE OF FRANCE': WONDERFUL BATTLE PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN  
BY FRENCH OFFICER DURING A GERMAN BOMBARDMENT.

9.11911.8



Each puff of smoke marks the explosion of a German shell.

9.11911.8



The village on fire during the bombardment.

These actual battle photographs give a remarkable view of a modern bombardment. They were taken by a French aeronautical officer while the Germans were busily bombarding the village of Varengeville with 9in. guns. Each puff of smoke marks the fall

of a great German shell. The photographs were taken from a captive balloon three and a half miles away from the bombardment. At the beginning of the campaign the German artillery was superior to that of the Allies. It is not now.



By appointment to H.M. the Queen.

# DERRY & TOMS

KENSINGTON HIGH STREET, LONDON, W.



By appointment to T.M. the King & Queen of Spain.

# SALE of the STOCK of E. NEWTON

Court Dressmaker & Ladies Tailor  
110, New Bond Street, London, W.

**S**TO-DAY  
— for  
one week

FOR THE  
BENEFIT OF  
COUNTRY  
CUSTOMERS,  
SALE WILL  
NOT BEGIN  
UNTIL 10 A.M.

PARIS MODEL DAY & EVENING GOWNS, BLOUSES  
TAILOR MADE, MANTLES & TEA GOWNS

These were secured at a **HUGE DISCOUNT**

This is without doubt the finest opportunity we have ever been able to place before our customers—enabling them to

obtain exquisite Paris Models at 75% off Paris Prices. The stock includes some of the finest

Creations by **WORTH, PAQUIN, REDFERN  
Laferrière and other famous Modistes of Paris.**

The reputation of these Artists speaks volumes for the originality and supreme excellence of the garments.

In order to give an idea of the unprecedented character of this Sale, we mention just one item, typical of the rest

**ORIGINAL MODEL EVENING GOWN by WORTH**

Paris Price  
50 Gns.

In Bronze Green Empire Satin, with Overdress of Black Net. Exquisitely jewelled with Cut Steel Beads, Brilliant, and Turquoise. Bodice is of Italian Filet Lace.

Our Price  
9 Gns.

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**WINTER KIT FOR OUR SOLDIERS  
IDEAL YULETIDE GIFTS.**

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mediate and  
careful atten-  
tion.



**NEW  
REVERSIBLE  
FUR VEST,**  
with Fur Back  
and Front, lined  
through with a durable  
wool. Made to fasten  
on left shoulder with loops  
and buckles at sides. **Nature  
Colour Fur** (Khaki Colour).  
Extremely thick and warm.  
Especially suitable for our  
troops and nurses, or for  
driving.

Carriage Paid **10/-**

The most comfortable  
and warmest Sleeping  
or Trench

**FUR HELMET**

**7/6, or 85/- doz.**

Also **Fur Helmet**  
in a different design.

**4/6, 50/- doz.**

## WINTER IN THE TRENCHES.

"The Daily Mirror" says: "A winter campaign means great hardships for our brave soldiers, and it is essential that they should have warm clothing to protect them from the cold."

Therefore, what better present  
could be sent to our relatives  
or friends at the Front than one of  
these warm Fur Garments which  
meets the above case in every  
particular."

LEICESTER SQ. LONDON W.

## WELLWORTH MANUFACTURING FUR CO., 149, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON

(Lift in Attendance.) FIRST FLOOR SHOWROOMS. (Close to St. Paul's Churchyard, our only address.)

### SALE OF FURS

AT SPECIAL BARGAIN PRICES.  
All Goods British Made by British Labour.



WELLWORTH MANUFACTURING FUR CO., 149, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON

## WON V.C. WITH THE BAYONET.

P. 16772



Lieutenant Walter Brodie.

P. 16772.

Two V.C. heroes: Lieutenant Walter Lorraine Brodie, of the 2nd Battalion Highland Light Infantry, led the British charge and bayoneted several Germans. Sergeant Harlock worked his gun though twice wounded.

## NO WONDER THE CANADIANS LONG TO GO TO FRANCE! THERE'S LESS MUD THERE.

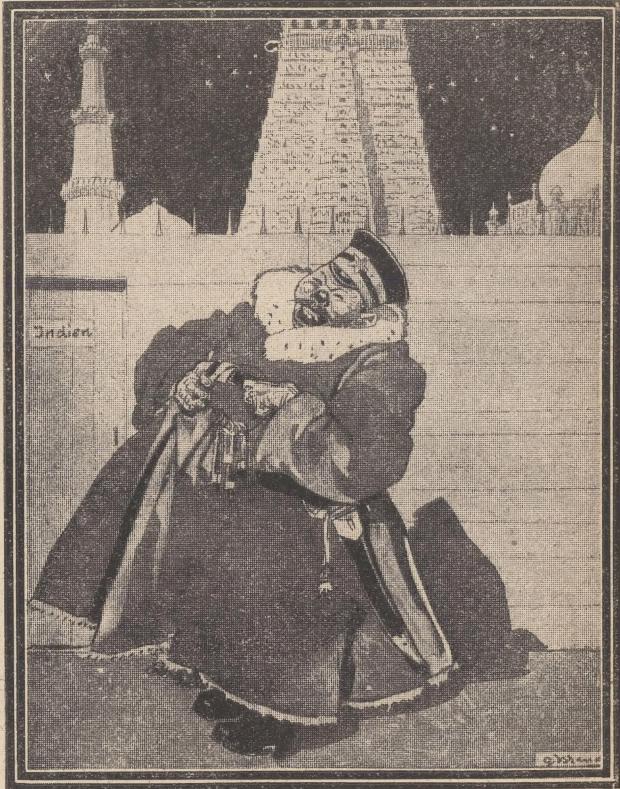
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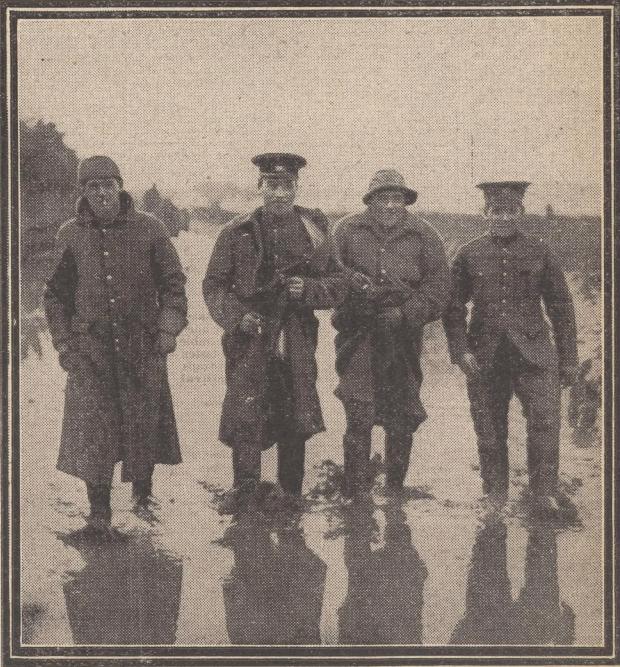
Whatever may be the weather conditions at the front, the Canadians on Salisbury Plain will be equal to them, since their energy and good-humour have been proof against the results of the recent heavy rains in Wiltshire. In one of the photo-

## "THE TREACHEROUS GAOLER."

9.11908 F



In this cartoon the German artist depicts Japan as a gaoler holding England's Eastern possessions during the war. Japan has the keys to India and laughs to think how he can betray England.



graphs a group of Canadians is seen cheerfully wading through a mud stream. In the other photograph a motor-transport wagon used by the Canadians is seen cutting through the mud. The Canadians think it must be nice in the trenches.

## DRAMA OF GERMAN "JACK-IN-THE-BOX."

Prisoner of War Found in Small Packing Case at Tilbury.

## MYSTERY OF ESCAPE.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

GRAVESEND, Dec. 13.—An ordinary-looking packing-case, measuring about 3ft. long by 2ft. wide and deep, marked on the outside "Non-poisonous—Safety Matches," was being taken on board the steamer *Batavier II*, at Tilbury yesterday morning, when an extraordinary thing happened.

The steamer *Batavier II*, was bound for Rotterdam, and a number of elderly aliens had been taken aboard for shipment to their own country via Holland.

The packing case was sent down a six-foot chute to the ferry-boat, and then rolled over and over along the gangway of the liner.

Then suddenly one side burst open, and out came—not matches, but a man's arm!

### FURNISHED BOX.

The man in the packing-case was a young German officer, who had adopted this unusual and hazardous means of getting back to Germany in order, it is supposed, to give his countrymen all the information in his possession.

Koehn was taken out in a semi-unconscious state. He quickly revived after a cup of hot coffee had been given him, and he explained in broken English that he had been in the box for 10 days.

The packing-case contained a rug, an air cushion, a blanket, some bananas, biscuits and cheese and a bottle of cocoa.

Koehn was taken to Captain Jerviss's cabin, and there he admitted that his name was Otto



CAPTAIN JERVISS.

Koehn, and that he was a lieutenant in the German merchant marine.

He refused to make any statement, except that he had bought the packing-case at a camp canteen, and that he locked himself in.

One of the high officials at Gravesend today said that he couldn't help admiring Koehn's immense pluck and bravery in attempting this amazing method of escape. He said:—

"I have had a long chat with him this morning. He is a very nice fellow indeed, and now that he has been captured is rather inclined to joke about his adventure."

"As he is a man of about 5ft. 11in. in height, it is a remarkable thing that he locked himself into the box and managed to endure the agony of being continually jolted about."

"He declared that he locked himself in—but I think it was really a case of panic."

The packing-case was remarkably fitted out with every convenience for a man who expects to live within a confined space for several days."

### A CAMP PLOT?

Inquiries showed that Koehn had been interned at the concentration camp at Dorchester, after being taken prisoner on his arrival in this country from Africa. He was taken back to Dorchester last night.

How Koehn got away from the camp in the box is a complete mystery.

On Friday night last a party of elderly aliens arrived at Tilbury under military escort for transportation to Germany in exchange for British prisoners.

With them came a large quantity of luggage, and lying underneath the pile of boxes and bags was a packing-case in which the German lay concealed.

There is little doubt that a number of prisoners were in the plot and assisted in Koehn's escape.

The prisoners had to attend to their own baggage and to convey it to the station, so that once the man was made comfortable inside the packing case everything else was comparatively easy.

## KAISER OFF TO BATTLE AGAIN.

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 12.—The health of the Kaiser has improved so much that he will be able to go to the front again next week.—*Exchange Special.*

## IRON CROSS FOR WOMAN DRIVER.

A woman doctor of Tapijia, who is acting as a volunteer motor-driver, has been decorated with the Iron Cross, according to the *Telegraaf*, says an Amsterdam message.

## HIGHLANDERS' FUN.

Camerons' Guardroom That Is Known as the "Potsdam Palace."

## "BAIRNS OF FALKIRK."

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

BEDFORD, Dec. 12.—The Highland Territorial Brigade at Bedford is composed of fine sturdy men, and all the battalions have volunteered for foreign service.

When I saw them they all seemed to be very bright in the trenches they had dug some miles out of the city. Some of the more boisterous members, I noticed, seized the opportunity afforded by the temporary absence of the sergeant to enjoy a new game, called "potting the bagpipes."

The favourite method was for the workers in one house to call simultaneously for one of their comrades, and when that smiling individual raised his head above the trench he was bombarded from all sides with pellets of clay.

The majority of the troops are lucky enough to be billeted in private houses, but some have had to be content with empty houses.

A musical evening was in full progress, while the "cock" of the party was busily engaged in making a savoury dish.

Every regiment has a partiality for descriptive mottoes, and on this occasion the following were in evidence: "Bairns of Falkirk," "Batties with the Devil" or "The Bairns of Falkirk."

The Camerons' guard-room is popularly known as "Potsdam Palace." P. J. W.

## BLUSHING FOR A NAME.

Proposal to Naturalise German Roses by Giving Them Prettier Titles.

There is a movement in horticultural circles to give flowers—more especially roses—with German names the dignity of British titles. And even the keepers of the rose by any other name would smell as sweet.

"A certain amount of discussion in regard to the matter has been going on in the technical Press," said a Rosarian to *The Daily Mirror*, "but if the roses are to be rechristened or 'naturalised' the suggestion would not be considered until the spring."

Here are some of the "alien enemy" roses:—

One of the most popular white roses in cultivation is that known as Graf Karl Dernbach. It is a beautiful pinkish rose, but scented, and it is suggested that it should be renamed Snow Queen. Frau Anna Schneider is a German-raised rose. Rose-carmine, orange-yellow in colour, it is a fragrant, free-flowering rose. Queen of the Tees is suggested as its new title.

Kaiser Wilhelm II., raised by Weller in 1910, is crimson and black. Black Hun is mentioned as a suitable name for this rose.

Kronprinzess Cecilie, a pink free-flowering rose, raised by Schmitt in 1905, would be just as nice, it is said, if it were called Pink Princess.

Prinzess Queen is the alternative mentioned for the rose. Kaiserin Augusta Victoria, which was raised in 1891, is another good colour and very fragrant.

The only so-called blue rose in existence, Veilchen, raised by Schmitt in 1909, should, it is suggested, be styled the Blue Rose.

The German rose growers," he said, "cannot compete with the French and the British in the rearing of new roses. Of late years Irish growers, it should be noted, have particularly excelled in raising roses notable for their scent, brilliancy of colour and hardihood."

## GERMANY'S "TURNED HEAD."

I appeal to the young not to undervalue the greatness of their destiny. I do not doubt that the result of this meeting will be that Britons will show an example to the world and prove that without comparison any from a sense of duty they are ready to rise to the standard!"

So said Mr. Balfour on Saturday at a mass meeting in Colston Hall, Bristol, where he spoke in support of the War Office appeal for 3,000 more recruits from the city and district.

Germany's crime, he said, was the crime of a nation which declared, "Power and prosperity are not to be had except I dominate and coerce the whole civilised world."

"It almost looks," he added, "as if the war of 1870 and the unexampled outbreak of prosperity which succeeded it had turned the heads of a great nation."

## HIS GIRL ON HIS ARM.

Tattooist Kept Busy by Affectionate Soldiers and Sailors.

## FORGET-ME-NOT DESIGNS.

To be tattooed before going on active service is the latest craze of soldiers and sailors, and tattoo artists are being kept very busy.

Designs taken from the latest patriotic postcards are very popular. Particular favourites are one showing a bulldog enwrapped in the Union Jack, with the words, "You thought I was asleep, did you?" and another representing the Allied flags with the inscription "Banners of Victory underneath."

Many officers wear their regimental badge and name tattooed on their arms. Several Belgian soldiers have had their skins marked with the Belgian flag and the words "Down with the Germans!"

Soldiers and sailors and their sweethearts go together to the tattooist and choose an emblem typifying affection and fidelity. Cupids, bleeding hearts, clasped hands, and forget-me-nots are favorite designs.

*The Daily Mirror* saw a dragon tattooed on the arm of M. W. Richards, a Royal Field Artillery driver. He also had his regimental number and some initials placed on his arm. He said he was an old St. Peter's (York) boy, and had been a cowboy in the Argentine for twelve years before coming back to England and joining the Army.

He had played for Yorkshire and England against the Argentine in Rugby football, and was wounded in the knee after the battle of Mons. He is going out again next week.

Portraits are often demanded of the tattooist. Quite often the heads of King George and Queen Albert are asked for, but likenesses generally are those of a man's sweetheart or of his wife and children.

## "SO SWEET" FROCKS.

Christmas Party Dresses of Pale Pink and Blue for Little Maids.

Children's party dresses are prettier than ever this year.

Although there are few social entertainments for grown-ups, mothers have decided that the children must have their little parties and dances as usual this Christmas.

Blue dresses are being sold in the West End for girls of all ages.

The pale pinks and the pale blues are the fashionable decorative colours for little girls, but these are used with lace gowns as sashes and ribbons.

One large West End firm told *The Daily Mirror* that the usual stock has been made for girls' dresses. The pale blue ones are made for the enthusiastic mother who calls "the sweet."

Nearly all are of lace, but they are trimmed with ribbons, flower boutonnieres, nosegays and wreaths of pretty pink rosebuds.

Although many pounds can be paid for a girl's party dress, lovely little dresses can be bought as low as 25s.

## SMASHED BY A SINGLE BLOW.

PARIS, Dec. 13.—The *Journal*, commenting on the British success at Basra, the terminus of the Bagdad Railway, says:—

"Germany's great schemes in Asiatic Turkey are thus shattered at a single blow."

"Never has the absurdity of German aggression been more graphically demonstrated. The British success will have an immense effect on the Arabian world, all the greater on account of the masterly way in which it was achieved."

Reuter.

## DASH FROM A SUBMARINE.

A thrilling story of a British steamer's dash from a submarine is reported from Harwich.

When about thirty miles out from the Hook of Holland the Great Eastern Railway steamer Colchester sighted a submarine, and her captain, fearing a German attack, went full speed ahead on a zig-zag course.

The submarine dived and was not seen again, but the captain took no risks, and raced to Harwich, which was reached in almost record time.

## SPORT 533



A Canadian team intercepted in the Rugby football game played between a Canadian fifteen and a public schools fifteen at Richmond on Saturday.—("Daily Mirror" photograph.)

## HUSBAND'S FLIGHT IN PEASANT DRESS.

Wife Joins Briton Who Made Daring Dash from Brussels.

## DAYS IN SNOWSTORM.

How an English architect, cleverly disguised as a Belgian peasant, escaped from Brussels in a blinding snowstorm and safely reached the Dutch frontier—a distance of some eighty miles—was told to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday by the fugitive himself.

So well did he look and play the part of a Belgian peasant that not once on the thirty or forty occasions he was required to produce his papers at the Belgian barriers was his identity suspected. Had he been recognised he would have been sent to Germany and shot.

To-day he and his wife are with friends in London. Before they left Brussels three years ago they took with them two pantomimic pieces of furniture. Their worldly possessions on reaching England last year were reduced to a small parcel!

The hero of this daring escape is Mr. John Douglas Eshelby, a handsome Englishman of 6ft. 5in.

"I had made up my mind to stay in Brussels right through the war," he told *The Daily Mirror*. "But on November 14 the Germans began to arrest British residents, and I was warned that I, too, would shortly share their fate."

"For nearly a week I hid in my office, there I planned my escape. I secured a soft black hat, a long, dark, shabby overcoat, a pair of leather gauntlets, and a towel as a muffler. Dressing myself I looked quite like a Belgian carters-like enough to pass muster."

"At length the eventful hour arrived. It was three o'clock on November 20.

"Snow was falling heavily. Stealing out of my hiding-place, I jumped into a pony trap

"So bitterly cold was the weather that both my driver and I were soon compelled to get out of the trap and walk. We passed the first night in railway carriages, and started again in the darkness of early morning."

"That night, after dark, we got to a little town within twelve miles of the frontier.

"On Sunday, November 22, almost frozen with cold, we saw the Belgian frontier in the distance, the flag, and there the man who had driven me went back with his pony and trap, and I plodded on for another twelve miles to the rendezvous at which my wife was to join me."

### WIFE'S FLIGHT.

It was not until the following Saturday that Mrs. Eshelby left Brussels to join her husband and leave for England. "On Saturday, Dec. 23, that my husband had arrived across the frontier," said Mrs. Eshelby, "and on Tuesday morning a Belgian friend went into Brussels with me to try and get me away by a char-a-banc agency.

"But, on reaching these offices, we found that all passports had been stopped, even for Belgian women. So my friend got me an old passport. It took me five days to persuade the man who had taken my husband to the frontier to take me.

"We went by way of Malines, Waeslen, Duffel and Santhoven. On reaching Santhoven we found the snow had disappeared, and we were naturally able to travel twice as fast as my husband could."

Madame Eshelby made the journey disguised as a peasant woman. Peasant husband and peasant wife duly met.

Last Thursday they surprised their London friends, who had had no news of them from Brussels for four months, by suddenly appearing.

## THRILLING FIGHT IN NIGHT.

In a letter to relatives in Liverpool, Private E. Day, of the 2nd Battalion, Highland Light Infantry, (an officer of which has just been decorated with the Victoria Cross), relates a story of the exploit of a company which may never be unconnected with this award.

"B Company of ours, about fifty of them," he says, "were attacked one night by about 300 Germans."

"Our lads let them have a round. But a lot of them found that the bolt had elongated so they used the rifle in the good old style as a club. Others used spades and picks and some bare fists."

"The officer in charge of the Maxim gun accounted for about thirty himself, and he is recommended for the V.C." They took fifty prisoners. I feel just proud of my regiment."

## TURKS INTERN BRITISH CONSUL.

ROME, Dec. 12.—Replying to several Deputies in the Chamber to-day, Baron Sonnino, the Premier, said the Italian Government had asked Constantinople for exemplary reparation and the immediate release of the British Consul at Hodeida, who was forcibly arrested by Turkish soldiers from the Italian Consulate.

The same night that he was captured the British Consul was interned with the French Consul, who had been captured at Beyrouth.

Baron Sonnino added that the Italian cruiser Marco Polo had been ordered to go to Hodeida.

Baron Sonnino, says an Exchange message, added that the Ottoman Government had promised to investigate the affair as soon as they could communicate with Hodeida and to give due satisfaction.

## TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

England, S.E.—Continuing unsettled; some rain; moderate temperature.

# THREE VIOLENT ATTACKS BY GERMANS REPULSED NEAR YPRES

French Artillery in Big-Gun  
Duels Wrecks Enemy's  
Howitzers.

ALLIES DRIVE BACK FOE  
FROM CANAL.

Russians Capture German Position  
and Pursue Defeated Troops  
Towards Frontier.

AUSTRIANS CHASED ACROSS  
RIVER BY SERBIANS.

Splendid successes have been gained by the  
Allies during the week-end.  
Three violent attacks were made by the  
Germans south-east of Ypres, but all, says yesterday's French official report, have been repulsed.

While no German success at any point in the  
line is recorded, the Allies have made substantial progress at several places.

French artillerymen have further asserted their  
superiority, and German howitzer and field  
gun batteries have been destroyed.

By winning these artillery duels the French are rapidly undermining the German faith in their big guns, the much-vaunted product of Krupp's.

In Flanders the enemy has apparently been fought to a standstill, for the Allies have now occupied the west bank of the Yser Canal, the scene of so much desperate fighting in recent weeks.

Around Armentières the enemy is showing a good deal of activity, doubtless in the hope of opening another road to Calais.

But during the past few days the Allies have considerably strengthened their grip of this part of the battle line.

Poland may soon riddle Flanders as the grave of the Kaiser's hopes. On the Galician front the Austrians have again been defeated in an attempt to draw the Russian forces from the gates of Cracow. Having captured German positions, the Russians have advanced on the whole front in the direction of Mila.

GERMAN ATTACKS ARE ALL  
HURLED BACK.

Allies Make Substantial Progress and Serbians  
Chase Fleeing Austrians.

PARIS, Dec. 13.—The official communiqué issued at three o'clock this afternoon says:—

Yesterday was particularly quiet.

The enemy's activity was shown by an intermittent cannonade at different points along the front.

He made, however, three violent infantry attacks, which were repulsed, in the region to the south-east of Ypres.

In Le Prete Wood we have made substantial progress.

In the Vosges the enemy made several attacks on the Mother Henri Beacon, to the north-west of Sonnenberg, but was repulsed.

AUSTRIANS ON THE RUN.

In Serbia the extreme Serbian left, pursuing the enemy, forced him to recross the Drina towards Banja Luka.

Along the rest of the front the Serbians continue to drive back the Austrians in a northerly and north-easterly direction.—Reuter.

TWO MORE ATTACKS FAIL.

PARIS, Dec. 13.—The following official communiqué was issued at 11 p.m.:—

Information has been received from the two extremes of the front of the repulse of two German attacks—one to the north-east of Ypres and the other directed against the railway station at Aschaph—Reuter.

HOWITZERS DESTROYED.

Marked success by the Allies was recorded in Saturday's official communiqué from Paris, which stated:—

The enemy has completely evacuated the west bank of the Yser Canal, north of the ferryman's house. We have captured battle.

In the region of Namur our batteries have repelled those of the enemy to silence.

In the Aisne region our heavy artillery has silenced the German field batteries, and one of their own howitzer batteries has been completely destroyed.

In the Meuse heights the enemy's artillery has shown little activity.

On Saturday and, ours have demolished two of the enemy's batteries, one being of heavy calibre and the other intended for firing against aeroplanes, at Deuxnouds, west of Vignelles les Hattochate.

In the same region we have blown up a blockhouse and destroyed several trenches.

## BOY SENTRY'S FIGHT WITH CRAWLING FOE.

French Lad of Sixteen Wins Military Medal  
by Repeated Deeds of Valour.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Dec. 11.—"Allow me to congratulate you. I'm an old soldier, and fought in the war of 1870."

I looked up from the table outside the café on the boulevards at which I was sitting and saw a pleasant-faced old man shaking hands with a smiling, fresh-faced boy of sixteen, in the uniform of French Heavy Artillery, with the Military Medal on his breast.

I questioned the young hero, and he told me his story. His name is Jean Mercadier, and at the beginning of August he was living with his family at Adainville, a little place in the department of Seine-et-Oise.

For eight successive days he watched the troops marching through the village.

On the ninth day the 59th Artillery, with their guns and horses, halted at Adainville. Jean was soon in their midst, talking with them, asking them a thousand questions, and burning to join them.

CREPT TOWARDS ENEMY.

At last he could stand it no longer. He must go and be a soldier, and when the regiment moved off on their way to the front young Mercadier marched with them.

For a week he bore the soldiers' company. Then he was transferred to the 4th Heavy Artillery, and has been with that regiment ever since.

One occasion during the battle of the Marne, when he was on sentry duty at four o'clock in the morning his young ears caught a suspicious sound.

Turning quickly he saw a German crawling towards the French lines. The boy crept stealthily forward, his revolver in his hand.

Springing to his feet, the German lunged at the boy, and Mercadier made a step backwards, took aim, and shot his adversary dead.

The man brought down by the young artilleryman was a German officer entrusted with a perilous mission by the enemy.

STRUCK BY SHELL.

Jean went on fighting, and seven weeks later, at Supples, in the Marne, he bore himself so bravely that he was mentioned in the order of the day. But before the day was over he was hit in the side by a fragment of a shell, and so badly injured that for a time it was feared he might succumb. Three weeks ago he received the Military Medal and was promoted to be a soldier of the first class.

With careful nursing, the boy gradually came round. To-day he seems as hale as ever.

W. L. McALPIN.

## PRINCE AMONG TROOPS

PARIS, Dec. 13.—During a three days' visit, which he made to us last week, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, the General commanding the district.

In the course of conversation the General recalled his visit to King George last year, when in the capacity of Mayor of Nice he brought his Majesty a miniature model of the statue erected by the town of Nice in memory of Queen Victoria.

Immediately after the interview the Prince left Paris, having arrived last Tuesday from the British headquarters.

He proceeded in a French Limousine, driven by a private soldier to the remount camp.

The British troopers were delighted with what was a surprise visit, and greeted the Prince with rousing cheers.

His Royal Highness afterwards inspected the veterinary camp, and then leaving his car, he rode on the top of his foot.

The Prince spent the following day in inspecting the ambulance service and visiting wounded in the different hospitals of the town.—Reuter's Special.

## 4,000 PRISONERS TAKEN BY THE RUSSIANS.

Fierce Fighting South of Cracow—Pursuit of Retreating Germans.

PETROGRAD, Dec. 13.—A dispatch from the Great Headquarters Staff, issued this evening, says:—

In the Mila region we have concluded our offensive with success along the whole of the front.

Yesterday we captured the enemy's position in the region of Przemysl. Cleverly we pursued the enemy by a retreat towards his frontier.

Our cavalry by a successful charge inflicted on the enemy the most serious losses.

On the front of Lowicz, however, the Germans continue their desperate offensive, and our troops inflicted great losses on them.

We captured in this region a new position to the north of the Bzura River.

Throughout the rest of the battlefield on the left bank of the Vistula there have only been isolated actions.

To the south of Cracow the battle continues without any change in the respective positions.

In the Carpathians our troops and the Austrians continue to attack and repel each other.

—Reuter.

In an earlier Russian communiqué yesterday it was announced that south of Cracow there was stubborn fighting on the 10th inst. In the course of the day the Russians captured four cannon, seven Maxim and 4,000 prisoners.

## FIRE TOO HOT FOR THE GOESEN.

PETROGRAD, Dec. 12.—The following official communiqué from the Headquarters of the Army in the Caucasus was issued here to day:—

Yesterday afternoon the Goeben, accompanied by the battleship Breslau, approached Batum and attempted to bombard the town and fortress, but the forts having opened fire, the ships drew off quickly, having fired fifteen shots which caused insignificant damage.—Reuter.

(Batum is a strongly-fortified Russian naval base on the Black Sea.)

## SUPERHUMAN HEROISM OF MY DEAR SOLDIERS.

Serbian Crown Prince's Stirring Appeal to Troops to Break Enemy Utterly.

NISHI, Dec. 12.—The following is the text of the order of the day addressed by the Commander-in-Chief of the Serbian Army to his men.

By the superhuman heroism and by the noble sacrifices of my dear soldiers in the fighting of the last few days you have beaten the enemy, and with a rapidity unequalled in military history have won a glorious victory.

You have defeated four of the enemy's army corps. You have captured innumerable trophies and on the crown of your victories you have inscribed the names of your glorious victories at Uzishtza, Kabilar, Sonoobar, Malin, Kosmai, Lig and Kolourab.

Ask your young heroes, to continue with an iron will the pursuit of the enemy. Drive him from our dear country. Recover the homes of the faithful which the enemy has pitilessly deplored.

Glory to those who fall on the field of honour. Long live my fine officers and soldiers.

(Signed) the Commander-in-Chief of the Serbian Armies, the Crown Prince Alexander.

NISHI, Dec. 12.—The following official communiqué is published here:—

Brussels, Dec. 12.—Our troops continue to pursue the enemy, who is retreating rapidly without stopping, and we have occupied Balma, Bachta, Rogatchiza and Kamenitza. —Reuter.

## THE "LODY OAK."

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 13.—The town of Nordharen, where Hana Lody, the officer who was shot in the Tower of London, was born, has decided to honour his memory by planting an oak, which will be called the "Lody oak."—Reuter.

91908



These nurses, who belong to the Scottish Women's Hospitals for Field Service, have just left for the front, where they will be attached to a French hospital unit.—(Kate Pragnell.)

## "ENGLISH PRISONERS PASS IN SILENCE."

Berlin Story of the Stiff Salute  
That Was Accorded to  
German Captives.

## ANTWERP SIDELIGHT.

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 7.—A long and interesting narrative of a motor run from Brussels into Flanders, and to the German fighting line in France, written by the special correspondent of the Berlin *Lokalanzeiger*, is published by that paper.

Starting on a grey morning, with snow on the ground, his companion being the Turkish prince, Abdul Rahman, the correspondent says:

In the Antwerp garrison of 120,000 men had lowered their heads in silence, and did not amount to more than 60,000 men the issue probably would have been a little different, but, fortunately, it seems that they had not the least idea of it.

Not the less, the only two brigades available were dispatched from Alost on the morning of October 9, the day on which Antwerp fell, to bar the way to a possible retreat of the enemy.

One of these brigades succeeded in forcing part of the English and Belgian forces over the Dutch frontier, while the other encountered very strong resistance at Quatrecht, and became involved in street fighting which cost it extremely heavy loss.

The correspondent goes on to describe his journey to Moerslede he was turned back.

## "WE SHALL WIN."

"As we left there," he writes, "fourteen French prisoners were brought in, one an officer with whom I had some conversation.

He was very hesitant in admitting that the Allies in their march, in spite of shell plates and breastworks, suffered severely from the fire of the German heavy guns and from hunger, cold and sickness; but he added emphatically: 'You will never take our positions. We shall win this war.'

The next day I saw some English prisoners, but nobody speaks to them, officers or men. They are silently and stiffly saluted by the raising of the hand to the cap as they go past.

## "NOT SEEMLY."

I therefore thought it would not be seemly for me to approach them.

The attacks on Ypres have cost us heavy—very heavy—sacrifices.

We can advance only quite slowly, step by step, with the help of sap and heavy artillery.

At Roulers, he says, there is a steam tramway worked by the German troops.

A big crowd gathered, mostly of screaming women. I jumped out of the car and saw a man lying in front of the engine, and held tight by it.

The crowd held us, and the man, who had thrown himself across the rails, and refused to move. The driver had now jammed his hand brake and could not stir it.

It was clear that the driver was not to blame, but nevertheless the women shrieked and the men cast darkling looks at us, and would have soon passed to threats if there had not been so many others there.

With the help of jacks the man was released, and was found to be badly hurt. A priest calmed the crowd.

In Brussels, adds the correspondent, the people are already much tamer.—Reuter.

## RUSH OF VOLUNTEERS FOR CERTAIN DEATH.

Heroic Offer of 36 Airmen When but Three Were Needed—General's Last Embrace.

PARIS, Dec. 12.—The papers publish a particularly moving story illustrating anew the devotion of the members of the French air service.

During a recent engagement the Commander-in-Chief assembled all his available airmen, and the men, numbered six in number, grouped themselves in a circle around him.

"There is a very important mission to be carried out," he said, "and I want three men who are ready to sacrifice their lives. Let those who are prepared for this sacrifice hold up their hands."

Every man, without a single exception, raised his hand.

The general, who was deeply touched and unable completely to mask his emotion, caused lots to be drawn and then remained in confidential conversation with the three men on whom the lot had fallen.

He left them no doubt concerning the terrible danger they would be facing.

Their orders received, the heroic trio saluted and left to board the aeroplane that was to carry them to death.

"Halt! Right about!" ordered the general, and the three returned.

"Since when has it been," said their commander, "that children who are going to die do not embrace their father?"

And he embraced each man in turn. Then the three left him again.—Central News.



# Daily Mirror

MONDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1914.

## WHAT NEUTRALS THINK.

We VENTURED to protest, some time ago, against the habit of giving advice to neutrals—a habit very common at the beginning of the war, but now fortunately less frequent. There is another practice, however, equally noticeable, which consists in interpreting neutral feeling to the rest of the world. The Germans are very much given to it. No doubt the newspapers indulge in it more than they should. But individuals who have just come back from—wherever it may be; individuals who "know" because "they were there when the war broke out"; these are the great exponents of neutral feeling.

We met one of these tourists as early as August, long before we had learnt, in regard to such information, the great lesson that this war has taught, the old Greek lesson "remember not to believe" anything too quickly.

He had returned—well, we had better say, from Utopia, so as not to fall ourselves into the habit of criticising neutrals. He had been in Utopia three weeks, sitting in cafés reading newspapers and, we suppose, conversing, just so much as his very small knowledge of the Utopian tongue permitted, with railway-porters, barbers, waiters in restaurants and the other people who for the traveller represent public opinion.

"And are they on our side?" we asked.

"They are wildly enthusiastic, strongly anti-German. Don't you see? Germany, in the year one, threatened to invade them."

"But hasn't Germany threatened to invade everybody since 1870?"

"No doubt. But the Utopians are proud people. I know them well. They don't like it. As I left my hotel, the boy at the door shouted 'Long live England!' in Utopian. I gave him a franc." (He mentioned the Utopian equivalent of that sum.)

"Did you give him the franc before or after he shouted in Utopian?"

"Don't be cynical."

So much for that conversation.

But the very same day we happened to come in some newspaper or other upon the heading, "Public Opinion in Utopia." And we began to read. The writer pointed out that it was "really impossible" to expect the Utopians to be on the side of the Allies, because they all remembered how, in the time of Athelstan, we had invaded their coasts in boats made of rush and clay. They remembered that. Consequently they were now pro-German.

It was a disappointment. We had hoped the Utopians were with us. But it was a disappointment soon mitigated. A week later, a man just back from Utopia who knew the Utopians well—knew, for instance, how to pronounce the names of all their towns—this man told us to be perfectly at ease about them. No; they would not come in—not on either side. They took no interest in any of us. They disliked the Germans and didn't think much of the French. The English bored them. The Belgians they were jealous of. The Serbians they had never heard of. Utopia stood for herself.

A few weeks after that, Utopia showed very obvious signs of "coming in." On whose side? Ah, wait and see. And, meanwhile, please disbelieve all talk about what the Utopians—or any neutrals—think about the war.

W. M.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

God is better served in resisting a temptation to evil than in many formal prayers.—William Penn.

## LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

### WAR AND PROGRESS.

PARADOX though it is, I think we may surely say that these terrible events of 1914 do not necessarily imply a retrogression of humanity and an end of moral progress.

After all, *defensive* warfare is a noble thing, or a thing that is definitely a symptom of noble qualities. That being so, we need take courage from the fact that, on our side, this warfare is defensive, and that only the Germans are aggressive.

Let me add that there is no proof that the Germans have degenerated. They were always as "gullible" in thought and as brutal in action as they are now.

A. N.

SOME of your correspondents write: "Human nature is not what it was, and therefore will not be as it is." This statement I wish to dispute.

wherein diplomats can arrive at no solution, with the inevitable result that war will be made, in which the stronger will conquer. CRITIC.

### ONLY A SHILLING."

WOULD "Naval Officer's Wife" prefer to employ unskilled labour?

May I be allowed to suggest that it is not domestic servants that the war has mostly affected?

Women who are out of employ are chiefly those of gentler occupations.

Would "K." care to pay £20 per annum to a novice?

I, who am used to all household duties, do not in any way consider them derogatory, and am pleased to execute them; but, on the other hand, many women have been trained for other occupations which the war has affected very

## BRITAIN AT WAR.

Thoughts About Christmas at Home and at the Front.

### THE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS.

I BELIEVE that, if it were known that the world were soon to come to an end, the spoiling parent of to-day would none the less spend the few remaining moments of the time in loading his or her children with presents.

One does not, of course, in the least wish young boys or girls to suffer needlessly. But it is really not a question of their suffering so much as of their learning one of the great lessons of life, which is occasionally to give up things that we want for the sake of our friends or of the world in general. From my experience, I should say that this spirit is completely lacking in the modern child.

You will see that the same amount of presents will this year be thrown at the boys and girls of all rich people. They will eat and drink as much as, or more than, ever. And all this at a time when fathers, brothers and friends are fighting at the front.

C. M. E.

East Putney.

### THE XMAS TRUCE.

IS IT POSSIBLE that on this Christmas the widely advertised idea of a cessation from fighting should be practicable?

Thinking what would move us to know that our soldiers and sailors were to be at peace for twenty-four hours—and what it would mean to all those who are fighting in the vast battlefield of Europe! It is a strange fact that this Christmas festival will be shared almost by the greater part of the forces engaged in this terrible war. It therefore seems only right and seemly that the great festival of "Peace on earth, goodwill to men" should be celebrated peacefully.

We should all like to picture our brave soldiers and sailors singing the well-known Christmas hymns although on the grim battlefields and the deep and lonely seas. And how near it would make them feel to home and England!

In our hearts shall all be drawing near to each other on this tragic Christmas Day: our thoughts and prayers will travel by that mysterious "wireless" which, thank God, no man's hand can cut or destroy—the wireless which carries messages heavenwards, and from heart to heart.

It would also mean a great deal to those in England, and in all parts of the world, who have been cut off from their land or sea; if they could have the relief of knowing that on Christmas Day there would be "Peace on earth." It would lift the shadows for a bit, and anxious hearts would be able to enter into the "Christmasy" feeling a little more. H. E. M.

SURELY the idea of a truce, which has been suggested by the Pope is absurd!

They would make the arrangement and promise to observe it, and then would prepare for a good sharp attack on that very day.

Netherland gardens, Hampstead. S. D.

### IN MY GARDEN.

DEC. 13.—Sweet peas that were sown under glass during October are now nice little plants and must be carefully attended to. Small, twigs which should be stuck around them as soon as they become tall. Keep the soil well stirred and do not give much water until the days become longer.

It is a great mistake to keep the sweet pea frame always closed if healthy and sturdy plants are desired. The lights should be drawn back on all bright days, and need only be used during frosty or rainy weather. On cold nights cover the frame with thick mats.

During suitable weather prepare ground for sweet peas by digging

E. F. T.

## WHAT BIG AND LITTLE WILLIE SHOWED THE BOER



"Our brother Boer" was no doubt promised wonders if he would help Kaiser and Clown Prince. What he cannot fail to see, however, is the effect of German treatment upon countries under German power. And this is not very encouraging to him. (By Mr. W. C. Haselden.)

I maintain that human nature to-day is very much the same as what it always has been in historical times.

What people mistake for nature is education—that which lends a refinement to our character,

much, and are at a moment's notice unfit for domestic service.

Dare I venture to suggest that, perhaps one shilling spared from "K." with so comfortable a home, would greatly help so good a cause?

FOR OUR OWN SEX.

"Daily Mirror Reflections of War and Peace," being Vol. VIII. of Mr. Haselden's cartoons, is just out. It contains more than 100 of the best of them, including many of the series of Big and Little Willies. It costs 6d. net, postage 2d. There could be no better present for people at home or at the front.

which conceals our nature and makes us believe that we are so much better than savages, when we really are not so at all.

When we are violently assaulted our nature comes to the top, and then we are able to see that what we called nature is only a little polish. Therefore I cannot help thinking that, so long as nations people the earth, disputes will occur

Now mark December's bowie face

Glovers own the rigs w/ some grace,  
While, thro' his minimum of space,

The bleer-ey'd sun,

W/ blinkin' light and stealing pace,

From naked eye to eye birds sing;

To shenherd's pipe nas hillock rings;

The breeze nae ounrae flavour brings;

From Borean cave;

And dwayning Nature droops her wings.

Mankind but pleasure clean

Frae and hill on barren plain,

Whan Winter, midis his nipping train,

Wi' frozen spear,

Sends d'ift o'er his bleak domain,

Am guides the weir. —R. Ferguson.

# "THE FLAG LIEUTENANT" IS POPULAR AT THE HAYMARKET

P. 97

P. 328 M

P. 328 M

P. 328 M



Miss Ellis Jeffreys as Mrs. Cameron.

It was a distinctly happy idea to revive that pleasant play, "The Flag Lieutenant," at the Haymarket Theatre, just now, when everybody is thrilled at the thought of British blue-

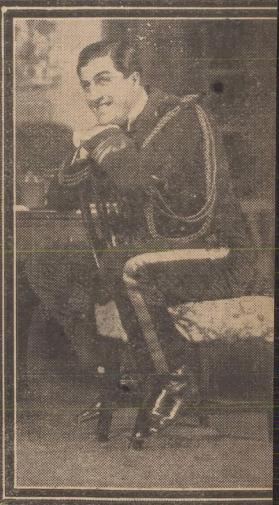


Mr. Godfrey Tearle, the Lieutenant.

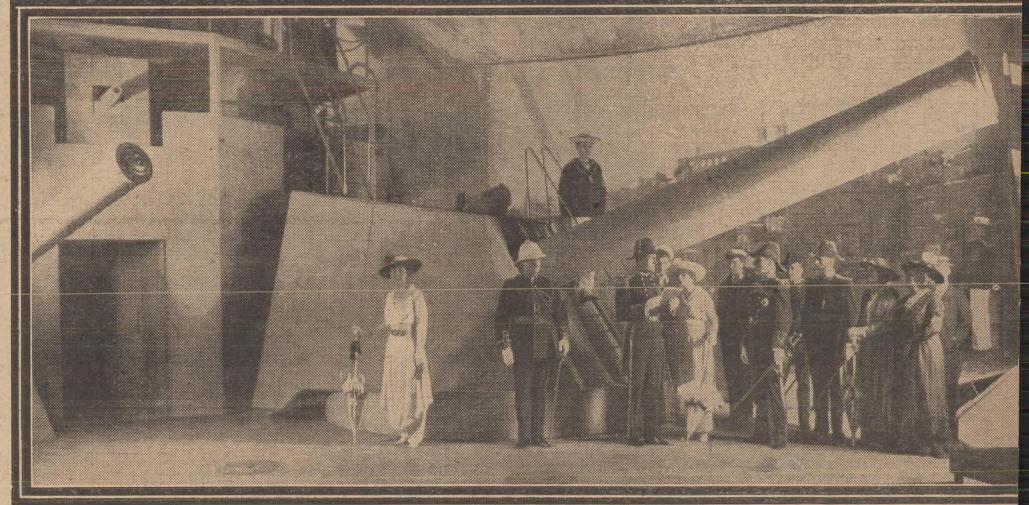


Richard Lascelles's Bashi Bazouk dance.

P. 1405 N



Richard Lascelles's pleasant smile.

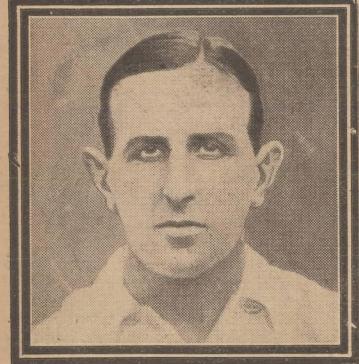


The scene on the fore quarter-deck of H.M.S. Royal Edward.

jackets and naval life. The play is full of sea "breeziness," and Mr. Godfrey Tearle, follows Mr. Cyril Maude as Richard Lascelles, makes an ideal hero.

## FOOTBALLER CHAPLAIN.

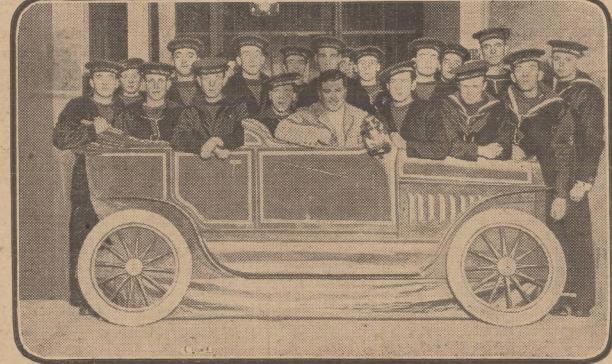
P. 7652



The Rev. H. V. Farnfield, the international Association footballer, who is proceeding to the front as a chaplain to the forces. He is one of the famous Farnfield brothers.

## HARRY TATE "MOTORS" WITH OUR SAILORS.

P. 3243



Mr. Harry Tate, the popular comedian, has been enjoying himself immensely. He motored down to the Crystal Palace last week and then "Motored" for the enjoyment of our British sailors there. Mr. Tate is seen with his well-known "car" and a company of new naval "stars."

## BULLDOG INVINCIBLE.

P. 7441 M



This is a British toy, a bulldog that won't knock down. The photograph shows bulldog getting on its feet. It was invented by Mr. Charles F. Best, the comedian.

## NEW BOLERO



smart walking costume of black velvet. The bolero coat has been revived. — (Photo, Austin.)

## THE AUSTRIAN ARMY HIDES IN SNOW HOLES.

4-11908A



During the present severe weather vast drifts of snow have covered the country over which the Austrian Army has been operating in its struggle against the mighty forces of Russia. The Austrian soldiers, as seen in the photograph, utilise these drifts as trenches. They dig "snow holes" and bury themselves. These snow holes really make excellent trenches, although they are none too comfortable.

## SOISSONS: SUPPOSE THE GERMANS SHELLED LONDON?

4-11911



This is a street scene in Soissons, taken during the last bombardment by the Germans. Those of us who have ever been to Soissons will hardly recognise the place, while people who called the place home can only look at such a picture through tears. How would London look after a German bombardment?

## BRITON ESCAPES FROM BRUSSELS.

P. 16749



P. 16742  
Mr. John Douglas Eshelby, who is photographed here with his wife, has been in Brussels since the German occupation. Hearing that all Britshers were to be imprisoned, he disguised himself as a Belgian carter and escaped in a blinding snowstorm to the Dutch frontier. The smaller photograph shows the disguise.

*Important Announcement.*

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These have been obtained—owing to the war—at an unusually large discount off the manufacturers' actual prices. Every garment in this choice and perfectly modish stock will be offered during

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Commencing TO-DAY (Monday),  
at little more than the wholesale value of the skins, in many cases.

**HALF USUAL PRICES**

*A few Examples:*

|   | Usual Price. | Sale Price. |
|---|--------------|-------------|
| No. 730.—SMART PONYSKIN COAT (a sketch), new belt effect, huge Collar of Skunk Opossum. | £15          | £9          |
| No. 332.—MOLESKIN COAT, plain shape, 36in. long.  | £20          | £9          |
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**N.B.** Owing to the quite exceptional circumstances of this sale, it will not be possible to send any of these Coats on approval, nor can they be exchanged or returned. The occasion and the values are absolutely unique.



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# THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

## Mr. Brangwyn's Gift to Paris.

The French papers last week made much of Mr. Frank Brangwyn's gift of 200 engravings to the Luxembourg Museum in Paris, a gift which at this time is particularly apropos, for Mr. Brangwyn is certainly an "Allies" artist. He is an Englishman, born in Belgium, with a home in France. He was born at Bruges forty-seven years ago, and he lived with his family in Belgium for the first seven or eight years of his life.



Mr. Frank Brangwyn.

For some years past he has had a house in one of the quaintest, sleepiest, most mediæval towns, Montreuil-sur-Mer, about twenty-five miles from Boulogne. Montreuil is no longer "sur Mer" in reality. The nearest sea is some ten miles away at Le Touquet, but once upon a time it was a busy port like our now sea-deserted Winchelsea.

## Forgotten Seaports.

To-day it is a huddled town of rich-roofed houses clustered on a hill and completely surrounded by old walls. Not many visitors find their way to it, though our great-grandfathers must have known it well, for it used to be the end of the first day's journey to Paris in the old days of stage coaches. In fact, two or three hundred years ago Montreuil was reckoned more English than French, and to this day its unusual number of red-headed people are pointed out by the inhabitants as descendants of the English, whom the provincial French used to believe were all red-headed.

## The Huns Would Love to Smash It.

I am thankful that the tide of war that has passed not many miles from Montreuil has never yet reached it. It is one of those irreplacable towns the Huns would love to batter to pieces. Other artists besides Mr. Brangwyn have made it a headquarters, but he is the best-known there. That artist has a fondness for these derelict seaports. He spent many happy weeks in Sandwich some years ago. He used to paint the old barges that still find their way to Sandwich in the daytime and make friends with their skippers at night.

## Want a Sailing.

With one of these old seamen, it is told, he struck up a close friendship, and when the artist's money had gone he went for a voyage in the old sailor's coasting schooner, a trip which, knowing Mr. Brangwyn's sea pictures and his love of the sea, I can imagine he found particularly pleasant.

## The C.N.'s Strategy.

I read in Saturday's *Westminster Gazette*: "The report of the capture of Staden by British troops sent by the Central News Agency from Amsterdam yesterday is confirmed." Good. But I hope soon to hear that the Central News Agency has sent British troops to Berlin.

## Explicit.

And yesterday's *Referee* informs me that "Owing to the heavy booking for 'Peg o' My Heart' at the Comedy, it will run there until the Saturday before it opens at the Globe on the following Monday." Wouldn't it be more explicit to mention that it will open on the day before the day after it opens?

## Music-hall Selections.

I wandered into three music-halls during the week-end, and it struck me that the music-hall orchestra is not rising to the scratch in these exciting times. The artists do their best to give us patriotic and stirring songs of more or less merit, but the orchestra, in its selections and incidental music, makes no attempt to revive the grand old songs and tunes of the past.

## Try a Real Old British Tune.

Surely the music-hall patron would rather hear a medley of "Tom, Bowling," "The Arethusa," "Hearts of Oak," and such fine old ditties, than the unknown melodies of some forgotten or moribund light opera. I sat through a whole show on Friday night and never heard one good British fighting tune, with the exception of one verse of "Tipperary." Gentlemen of the baton, there is a war going on. Try a war tune, a real one, on your audience, and see if they like it. I will help to make the soldiers happy.

## What Young India Thinks.

"You may judge for yourself how the revolution in India is going on," writes a correspondent, in forwarding to me a letter he has recently received from a young Hindu in Southern India, to whom my correspondent regularly sends the Overseas Edition of *The Daily Mirror*. The youth is intensely interested in the war, and writes: "Can you say anything about our Indians in your letters? I can say that they are not easy-going men, but will teach a lesson to the Germans."

## And What Does Big Willie Think?

"In our class a regular clapping of hands is going on every day, and on the blackboards these words are written sometimes: 'Hail, India's fighting sons! Our Gurkhas and Sikhs. Three cheers, three cheers...' We are very proud of them, because they brought us honour and glory. I never dreamt that India will come to such a position." This is written by a member of one of the races Big Willie's advisers assured him would revolt at once. Just for curiosity I should like to know exactly what Big Willie does think of his efficient secret service agents now.

## Nanny in the Trenches.

A French soldier recovering from frostbite which he got in Flanders has told my Paris gossip the story of a white goat with a long beard that came one night right up to the trenches in which he was. A soldier gave it a piece of biscuit, and the animal jumped beside him. For a while it lived with the men, one of whom christened the animal "The Matron," because it reminded him of a nurse he had known—it was so thin, so refined in manner and so gentle.

## She Paid for Her Keep.

But Nanny could chew tobacco—especially English tobacco—like an old salt. She had a healthy appetite for bread, potatoes and carrots, but she more than paid for her keep, for every day she yielded a generous quantity of delicious creamy milk. But she was fond of her liberty, and one day as she was returning to the trenches she fell a victim to a German bullet.

## They Avenged Her.

The Frenchmen were greatly enraged, and at night, when the "Bosches" stole out with the object of seizing "The Matron's" body, they were warmly received. The Frenchmen sprang at them like tigers, and before they could beat a retreat a dozen Germans bit the dust. Nanny was taken back to the French trenches and solemnly interred some distance from the front.

## Our Football Fund.

The week-end reinforcements of footballs were good; twenty-eight new ones arrived, including a dozen splendid balls from Lady Mary Hope. But the applicants beat us again. On my desk yesterday morning was a frightening pile of letters. For the moment I thought we were routed, but a good number of the letters were acknowledgments of balls received; still, I had over fifty new applications.

## It Means a Lot to "Tommy."

We shall want that third hundred and a fourth at this rate; but I think we can get it if we try. Up to date I have received 266 footballs from my generous readers. These balls go out to the "Tommies" who are asking for them as fast as we can pack them—and others write for more. One football isn't much to us here at home; to the men "out there" it is, and—I judge from their letters—a godsend sometimes to as many as a hundred men.

## Convalescents Want Them.

Picking up the pile of yesterday's letters at hazard, the first one I see is from a convalescent depot in France. An R.A.M.C. major writes: ". . . the men are convalescent, but not quite fit enough to go back to the front line . . . and a football would be an absolute godsend to them, as they have so few amusements." Another comes from a battery in camp in Sussex. It reads: ". . . we have only one football to the whole battery; we have a lot of chaps who could play, but cannot; they can only look on."

## Let "the Chaps at the Front" Come First.

In another letter I read a familiar postscript. It is appended in some form to many of the applications: "But please send to the chaps at the front before us." It comes from a big camp in the Midlands. No, we must find those footballs somehow; a ball means such a lot to "Tommy." Now, then, who are to be found in most households without much trouble. I must try it.

## The Poet of Hatred.

Looking through the German picture papers yesterday, I came across this picture of Ernst Lissauer, the man who wrote the now-famous Hymn of Hate to guide the docile Germans in regard to Britain. He doesn't look a particularly ferocious German, despite his fearsome poem.

## Not Really So Fierce.

His previous work, so I am told by a man who knows it, has not been marked by any particular hate-lust. In normal times he is a mild satirist, described as a German edition of Sir Owen Seaman, whose verses under "O.S." are such a brilliant feature in *Punch*.

## Sausage Eating and Talk.

Lissauer belongs to a secessionist branch of the modern school of Munich poets. In *Jugend* and similar publications they have an absolutely free hand to write and draw what they like, with the result that some of the drawings in particular are real masterpieces. By the way, it is a good Munich custom for these craftsmen to spend two evenings a week together, eating sausages, drinking beer and discussing each other's work.

## Cleanliness in Fighting Line.

We all of us have heard of the British soldier's love of cleanliness. Tommy's desire to be clean even before going into battle is scoffed at by the Germans, but in one fortunate case this very fact saved a man's life.

## Life Saved by Towel.

The wife of Private H. G. Hill, of the 11th Hussars, sends me a letter from her husband at the front, in which he mentions how this happened. Hill was going into the trenches under fire, when a bullet entered the haversack he was carrying on his back. It smashed a bottle which contained his rifle oil, and he found it afterwards lodged in a towel which he always carried with him!

## From a New W.C.

The mother of Sergeant E. G. Harlock, V.C., the bombardier of the 113th Battery, who received promotion and the Victoria Cross recently, asks me to thank, through *The Daily Mirror*, "all his good fellow-countrymen for their congratulations on his V.C., as it is quite impossible for him to reply to their letters in the trenches." Will those kind friends accept this message of thanks, and will Sergeant Harlock accept my congratulations?

## Our Oldest Field-Marshal.

The oldest of the field-marsheals, Sir Charles Brownlow, was eighty-three on Saturday. The baton came rather late in life to this grand old soldier (when nearly seventy-seven), though it distinguished service in nine campaigns and an enviable row of medals to show for his fighting stand for anything, he should have had the honour long before.

## Brownlow's Punjabis.

Sir Charles was campaigning in the Punjab at sixteen, and when his fighting days were over he acted as assistant military secretary at the Horse Guards for ten years, until he reached general's rank in 1889. He married the next year the eldest daughter of the late Mr. W. King, of Warfield Hall, Berks, who brought him that charming place near Bracknell, where he has interested himself in the evening of his years in horse breeding. He is colonel of the distinguished corps of the Indian Army bearing his name, "Brownlow's Punjabis."

## A Quick Supper.

Apropos of the raw egg diet of a soldier friend of mine which I mentioned on Saturday, another friend reminds me that a raw egg in a glass of beer is one of the most nourishing suppers one can get. After a theatre or on arriving home hungry late at night the egg and beer meal, he says, is most welcome, and, moreover, can nearly always be secured, for an egg and a bottle of beer are to be found in most households without much trouble. I must try it.

THE RAMBLER.

# GIFTS THAT LAST

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Choose your Christmas Gifts at home by selecting your gifts from our comprehensive Jewellery Catalogue. Nothing is nicer or gives greater pleasure than a Ring, Brooch, Watch, Chain, Pendant, &c., chosen from the most extensive stock in West London. We are actual jewellery manufacturers, and offer you



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39/11 is the moderate price of this Beautiful Chiffon Velveteen Dress. It is composed of good quality soft Chiffon Velveteen (in Black or Navy only), finished with White Crepe Satin Collar and Vest, and Ivoire ball buttons. Three sizes, S.W. and W.

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# Owen

## of Westbourne Grove GLOVES.

The Christmas delivery of our noted Grenoble Gloves has been received. The following are the names and qualities that we have had specially cut and manufactured for us without a break for over 30 years. These Gloves cannot be obtained elsewhere; the price list has not been advanced.

### The "GRANVILLE"

French Suede, black and about 35 newshades, 4 button 2/11 2

### The "TROUVILLE"

Glace Kid, button, in all fashionable shades 2/11 2

### The "MIKAD"

3 button, fine French Kid, with Fancy Embroidery in 32 shades, and White and Black... 2/11 2

### The "PARISIENNE"

3 button, French Suede, in all fashionable shades and Black and White... 3/6

### La MARGUERITE

Our Famous White French Glace 12 Mousq. 5/11 2

### La PARISIENNE

French Suede, 10 Wh 1c, Black, and all the newest shades, 12 butt, Mousq... 3/11

### La PARISIENNE

French Suede, in all the latest shades, 12 butt, Black and White, 12 B. Mouse... 4/11

### 12 Butt Mouse, Fancy Pearl Buttons, very fine white Glace, special price

The DAISY, 12 B. Mouse, Fine Glace, a perfect fitting glove... 4/11

### A Great Variety of Fur-lined and Woolen Gloves. All Gloves are fitted on at the counter, if desired.

All parcels above 2/6 post paid. The Price List has not been advanced. Catalogue on application.

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id.,  
Westbourne Grove,  
& Hatherley Grove, W.**



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**I**N safeguarding the Briton Wolsey does a useful share. For Wolsey Underwear protects its countless wearers against the ever present danger of Chills and Colds and all the ills they lead to.

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# Wolsey

British Underwear

Every garment guaranteed unshrinkable and replaced free if found otherwise. Send all and get ready to suit all—but be sure to suit all—buy the *Wolsey* brand.



## "GRUMPY" IN THE UNITED STATES AGAIN.

P. 560 K D



Mr. Cyril Maude and his company photographed on their way to America, where they are now playing "Grumpy" again, with immense success. The company devote two days a week to making bandages, etc., for our soldiers at the front.

## SHORT OF CHOCOLATE.

### Germany's Plans for "Adulteration" to Help Out Diminishing Stock.

#### "SAVING THE COCOA."

Germany's supply of chocolate is running out, and the use of "substitutes"—a polite euphemism for adulteration—is already in contemplation.

The shortage of the genuine article is due to the great demand for chocolate for the Huns at the front.

"It is true that most chocolate makers still hold good stocks of beans warehoused at Hamburg before the outbreak of hostilities, including beans warehoused for the English," writes an expert.

"There are also means of getting a certain amount of beans from abroad. But all these do not extend very far into the future, and manufacturers must make the most of the stocks already on hand."

Most of the proposals made with the object of enabling them to do this are concerned with the use of cocoa substitutes, and it is also suggested that a percentage of cocoa in chocolates should be brought down below thirty per cent!

"Now that the hot weather is over it will," it is suggested, "be preferable to increase the amount of cocoa butter in the chocolates, and save cocoa that way."

"Milk chocolate, too, affords an excellent means of saving cocoa, for good quality can be obtained at a very low cost."

"As regards cocoa substitutes, much may be done by putting in rice, oatmeal, etc."

"Cream chocolates are in the same boat with milk chocolates, and both are great favourites with the troops."

#### FOOTBALL CROWDS SHRINKING.

Football crowds are growing still smaller. There has again been a great drop in the attendance at the big football matches this weekend.

Especially notable was the decrease in the number of people attending First League matches.

On Saturday these totalled only 75,000, as against 100,000 a week ago, and 228,000 exactly a year ago.

At Second League matches there were 55,200 spectators, as compared with 108,000 last year.

#### MARRIED 49 TIMES TOO OFTEN.

**N**EW YORK, Dec. 12.—The police of Hoboken are searching for a man named Karl von Wagner, who, by a representative aid society, is estimated to have married fifty women.

Four have already lodged charges against him in Hoboken.

His usual procedure seems to have been to make the acquaintance of women with money through matrimonial advertisements, and after marriage either obtain control of the money outright or "invest" it for the benefit of his victims.

#### ANXIOUS WIFE'S HOPE.

If this should reach the eyes of Private S. Aldridge (5684, B Co, 1st Wiltz), he is asked to write to his wife at 32, Birsthorp, near Warminster. She is very anxious about him, having received a letter from his captain to say he had been killed in battle, as his name has not appeared on the War Office list of killed, and still hopes that he is alive.

## The Two Letters.

(Continued from page 11.)

"I daresay," Valerie laughed lightly, running her finger up and down the page of her book. "But sin and suffering—the one follows the other inevitably. Didn't the dear nuns teach you that at school?"

"At least, Jack has not sinned—"

"No, so much of Jack, please. We're talking of you."

Valerie rose with an impatient movement and began to pace the long narrow room. She was tall, and the trailing white draperies accentuated her height. As she reached the bed she stopped looking down at her sister, and Sylvia, looking up at the white face with feverish, fascinated eyes, saw strange new lines of suffering graven about the corners of the proud, beautiful mouth.

"Valerie—" On an impulse she stood up, holding out her hands. "I beg you to forgive me... I beg you to forgive me. I would never have wronged you—never. It was for Jack that I did this thing—oh, my dear, I'd give my life to find that it might be undone!"

She meant the thing that had caused great resentment and jealousy and fear were blotted out by that look of suffering in Valerie's face. She remembered only the sister she adored, and longed for the love that, not an hour since, had seemed to lie dead and cold in her heart.

Valerie drew back from her with a gesture of repulsion.

"Don't touch me," she cried sharply. "If it were only you who were concerned in the matter, do you imagine that I would have held my tongue for one single moment. It's for his sake that I let you go on piling lie on lie. When I saw his face... I had to wait... I had to think what I must do... I

She paused for a moment, her eyes bent on the floor. Then—

"But I know now that I was wrong to allow this thing to go on—utterly wrong. Jack must be told the truth. I must tell him the truth."

Sylvia stared at her with a stricken face.

"You don't mean—"

"Yes, every word I say. I intend to tell him the truth myself, in my own time and my own way."

There will be another long instalment to-morrow.

## CHRISTMAS FARE FOR THE POOR.

Funds to supply Christmas fare to the very poor are needed by the St. Giles' Christian Mission. Last year the institution distributed dinners to 12,500 hungry people.

There are 1,000 penniless Belgians in its homes at Maldon, is proud of the fact that since war began thirty-five inmates of its Boys' Homes have enlisted, while several "old boys" are now fighting in the trenches.

Contributions will be acknowledged by Mr. William Wheatley, Superintendent of the Mission, 4, Ampion-street, Regent-square, London, W.C.

|   |                            |            |
|---|----------------------------|------------|
| I/-<br>NET  | A CHEERY GLEAM<br>FOR XMAS | I/-<br>NET |
| NOW ON SALE   |                            |            |
| Winter's Pie  |                            |            |
| BUY IT! READ IT!  |                            |            |
| Then send it on to your relations or friends<br>at the Front, Camp, or Hospital |                            |            |
| ALWAYS MERRY AND BRIGHT.  |                            |            |

## The Oatine

### Girls Free Offer



This delightful Toilet Outfit, as illustrated above, will be sent post free by the Oatine Co. to all sending 3d. in stamps to help pay cost of postage and packing.

The Outfit contains a bijou tin of OATINE FACE CREAM, which restores the natural oil to the skin; also the alkali in soap and hard water is always removed by Oatine, which is a own protector and rejuvenator. OATINE FACE CREAM contains no animal fat, and cannot grow hard. All Chemists stock Oatine in white jars, 1, 1½, or 2s. d., holding three times as much, 2s. 6d.

The Toilet Outfit also contains—

2—A jar of "Oatine Snow," a greaseless soap for the complexion, hands, etc.

Sold in 1s. jars by all Chemists.

3—A 3d. cake of the delightful

"Oatine" Toilet Soap.

2—A packet of Shampoo Powder.

5—A packet of Invisible Face Powder.

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Secure good pay, with continuous work, at fixed rates. By knitting hose or by knitting mittens. Reliable persons supplied with machines on easy terms. Experience unnecessary; distance immaterial. Write for full particulars, including 1d. stamp for postage.

**THE AUTO-KNITTER HOSIERY CO., Ltd.**  
(Dept. 54), 50 & 52, Belvoir St., LEICESTER.



## 100 TOYS 1/-

THE GREAT WAR ON YOUR TABLE.  
100 Pieces (all Made to Stand Up)—Height  
2 inches—3 Great Forts with Siege Guns  
25 Banging Jack Johnsons—Galloping British  
Artillery, &c.

Here is the most wonderful Christmas Package of 100 Toys for the small sum of 1/-.

The 100 Toys will amaze the table and set the kiddies' eyes aglow with happy excitement. And not only the kiddies, but everyone else will be fascinated by the variety of fine fun that this Christmas Package will unfold.

Open up the Paddington Box and you will find the Allies in their proper uniform. First there are Three Great Forts with Four Siege Guns peeping from the towers, 100 pieces of cast-iron gun-barrel.

Next come Three Armored Cars with Quick-Firing Guns. Then follows a Battery of Three Royal Field Artillery.

These are drawn by 6 horses at full gallop. There are also Detachments of British Infantry, Guards, Guardsmen, Artillery, Sharp-shooters, taking lying-down shots.

Buzzers next appear upon the scene, and then comes the Royal Guards, the fierce Indian Troops, whilst tearing along come Lancers and Cossacks on their horses.

BOOM!—OOM!—Jack Johnson is at work. First 25 harmless shells explode with a bang, then the Red Cross Nurses and Ambulance Tents appear on the scene, together with their stretchers.

And now the whole of your table is transformed into a battle-field.

You survey the battlefield like a Field Marshal of the Allied Forces. You exercise your strategy and move your troops into position, and then you watch the faces of the lads and lasses as they follow the fortunes of the field.

Eyes grow wide with wonder, as the bugles blow, and the drums beat furiously, and before the Allies attack and the Flags of Victory

are hoisted on all parts of the battlefield.

What a Christmas Package! The 100 Toys in the Package is the biggest Xmas Bargain ever offered. It is not a toy for one, it is a toy for the Army and the Navy, and a price of one ordinary toy. Don't miss it. Order once. Price only 1/-, and post 2d. Three packages for 2d, and post 3d. Six packages 4/- and 3d. carriage.

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WAR IN WINTER: PRUSSIAN SNOWS THAT ARE DABBLED IN BLOOD.

4.11912 R



After an East Prussian battle. Asleep in snow-bound trenches.

4.11912 X



The war in East Prussia. Germans engaged in ice breaking.

The German Army is suffering terrible hardships from a bitterly cold winter in its struggle on the Russian frontier. Many of the men have been frozen to death, and thousands have been invalidated home. The Russians do not feel the cold so severely. Their best regiments are used to Siberian winters.

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